# Meekly



SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

{ TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

### **VOLUME XXII.—NUMBER 38.**

### LOCKS OF HAIR.

Choice Boetry.

(The following stances appeared many years ago, in the Poet's Corner of a Canadian newspaper. We think that all who read them, will at once pronounce them

- You've often heard me promise, Fred, One day to tell you where, And from what precious heads, I shred These treasured locks of hair. Well, now, the time has come at last; Your birth-day festival Has blithely come and swiftly pass'd, And you shall know them all.
- Twelve years have fleeted, since I how'd In tearloss grief my knee Beside our dying sire, and vow'd A parent's care for thee : And I remember how you tried, Till even the menials wept, To wake our father when he died, And said, "he only slept."

- The short, curi'd lock, half dark, half gray, I clipf it from his brow; I're kept it sacred till to-day, We will divide it now; And when you look upon it, Fred, Still think you hear the voice,
- That with its dying accents said, "My Father, bless my boys!"
- This raven braid belong'd to one
  You hever knew, my brother;
  She only bless'd her new born son
  And died—our sainted mother!
  She left us—but with us she left
  A fairer, tenderer flower;
  But like a plant of son bereft,
  She wither'd from that hour.
- Spring's bads, around our mother's tomb, Came just in time to wave; We saw the flowers of Autumn bloom Upon our sister's grave. My boy! your tears are falling fast On yonder golden tress; It is a relic, and the last,
- And this long, waving, silken curl, Ah? that you must not share; You never knew the angel girl Who gave that anburn hair. My beautiful! my blessed one! And she, too, pass'd away; I struve to breathe, "Thy will be done," But it was hard to say.
- O! by how weak and frail a thing
  May the heart's depths be stirred;
  How close and long will memory cling
  To one light look or word;
  And are not these slight looks with more
  Of spirit-meaning fraught,
  Than all the mystic letter d lere
  The sages ever taught!
- Well, they are happy now, dear boy, Their ransomed souls are free; They feel no more earth's hollow joy,
- And real misery.
  Our barks are struggling slow to shore.
  By storm and tempest driven;
  But they have pass'd life's ocean e'er,
  And anchor'd safe in Heaven.

### Select Story.

### OLD-TIME BARRING OUT.

in the legs. He was a blonde. The hair of his head had that sunny tings so much admired to-day, and when rubbed down with a tallow caudle, as was his wont to dress it, was so smooth and straight that the boys believed that the flies slipped down it and broke their legs. His eyes were dark and fierce, and, hid nuder the cavernous recesses made by his bushy red eye-hrows, seemed to watch like ovil spirits over his precious nose. The nose was a ruby nose, bottle in shape, and when Bangs was angry, which appeared to be all the time, it glowed like the headlight of a locomotive. His mouth was finished without lips, and resembled a shit was finished without lips, and resembled a shit master, we were the happiest set of little animals in the world." dle, as was his wout to dress it, was so smooth and straight that the boys believed that the flies slipped down it and broke their legs. His eyes were dark and fierce, and, hid nuder the cavernous recesses made by his bushy red eye-hrows, seemed to watch like evil spirits over his precious nose. The nose was a ruby nose, bottle in shape, and when Bangs was angry, which appeared to be all the time, it glowed like the headlight of a locouncity. His mouth was finished without lips, and resembled a slit in a piece of sole leather.

"Old Bangs was famous for his power of resistance, and boasted that no school of his had ever succeeded in conquering or barring him

"Old Bangs was famous for his power of resistance, and boasted that no school of his had
ever succeeded in conquering or barring him
out. There were two by boys in school, named
Bill Henning and Bob Strong. They were knotty-headed, broad-shouldered and har listesd fellows, who worked through the Summer for
means to attend school through the Winter.
Each in turn had been unmercifully whipped
by the master, and it was understood throughout the school that the barring out of Master
Bangs was to be accomplished and old scoras
actified. The evening before the general engagement, Bill and Bob, our noble leaders, with
a few confederates, stole back to the school
house, armed with hickory poles. Breaking
open the door, they whittled one end of these
tough sapplings to a point, and then hardened
the points in the fire. Then placing these in a
corner, ready for use, with a stout cord, they
gave orders to the boys willing to take part in
the fight, to be on hand at the school house before daylight the next morning. At the time the fight, to be on hand at the school house before daylight the next morning. At the time
indicated, nearly all the lads were in attendance. Some were pale and trembling, others
were noisy and boastful; but I observed the
real leaders and reliable soldiers were quiet—
no quiet, indeed, that one might doubt them.

\* \* Our first order was to cut and carry in
enough wood to serve the garrison during the
siege. This was promptly executed. The window-shutters were pulled to and securely naild, the door closed and desks and benches piled
against it. After two port-holes were uponed

ed, the door closed and desks and benches piled against it. After two port-holes were oponed by removing the chinks and daubing, we gathered about a roaring fire in the huge fire-place, and waited the approach of the enemy. As the time approached for the master's coming, a dread silence fell upon the little crowd, so that when he did come, we could hear his heavy tread upon the crushing snow, and many a heart sunk and face whitened in terror. The leaders sprang to their posts on each side of the door, and, on being ordered to surrender, bildly demanded a week's holiday and a treat of eider and apples. This was sternly refused. ly demanded a week's holiday and a treat of cider and apples. This was sternly refused. 
Fire? cried Bill and Bob, and two poles were thrust out with all the strength the stont arms could give them. They took the indignant pedagogue in the sides with such force that, but for a thick flaunel overcoat, holes might have been made in his wicked body. As it was, he staggered back, and for twenty minutes or more we saw him sitting upon a log, catching his breath and rubbing his woulded sides. We gave no end of loud cheers, claiming for our-selves the first knock-down, if not the first

"At the end of twenty minutes the master arose. Digging a large stone from the snow, he approached and threw it with great violence against the door. The stout oak batting fairly shook under the blow, but held its own. Another and another followed, amid jerrs and laughter, encouraged by our noble leaders to keep up the courage of their followers. The fourth stone split the door, and the lifth broke the upper weoden hinge, and, but for the barricade within, the breach would have been available. The enemy, not being aware of the defense within, suddenly dropped the stone and ran at the door. We were not to be taken by surprise. Again were the sharp lances thrast out. He retreated, and we saw him fairly dunce with rage and pain. The more of this he indulged in, the wilder grew our delight, which we testified in screams of laughter. He soon ended this exhibition, and disappeared around the school house, evidently on a reconnuisaance. There was a dead silence, and we realized what we have so often felt since, the unknown movement of a silent enemy. This was ended by a notice purpose or by himself, romains a mystery to this day. Tom was his head when asked, and sand: "This is a matter the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarte County, and with his savings bought a small farm, which he occupied on the day of his death. It is supposed that from feebleness and ether the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarte the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarte the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarte the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarte the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarte the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarte the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master "At the end of twenty minutes the master

conflict, the fire had not been fed, and now only a few chunks and embers supplied the smoke. There were scattered upon the broad hearth, and water thrown in to extinguish the remainder. Then Bill and Bob, selecting four of the stoutest poles, thrust them up the chimney, and at the word, we gave, to use our own phrase, 'a bloody h'ist.' The consequences were a rattling of falling boards, with the unmistakable thump of a heavier body upon the ground. We found afterward that the master bad not only covered the chimney top with boards, but had seated himself upon them; the sodden and unexpected 'h'ist' bad tumbled him off. We heard dismal grouns and cries for relief from the enedismal grouns and cries for relief from the ene-my. Some were in favor of going at once to his assistance; others, more cantions, opposed such a merciful errand. 'He's hollerin' too loud to

my. Some were in favor of going at once to his assistance; others, more cantions, opposed such a merciful erraud. 'He's hollerin' too loud to be hurt much,' said shrewd Bob.

"We had a division in our conneil of war. This ended in a call for a volunteer to make a sortie and investigate. Jack Loder, one of the most daring and active among the younger boys, responded. A shatter on the opposite side to the cries for help was opened quickly, and Jack thrust out. The result of this was not only a cessation of groaning, but a chase that we witnessed through the port holes. Jack was a good runner, and when the two disappeared over the meadow into the willow thicket, Jack was gaining on him, and we had good hopes of his escape. To our dismay and horror, in half an hour we saw the master returning with poor Jack in his grasp. He had a hostage, and was swift in his use of the advantage. Stopping before the house, he began whipping the poor fellow numercifully. Jack's cries were piteons. 'O'! let him in, boys; let him in; he's a killin' o' me!' rung in our ears. There was a hurried consultation. The benches and desks were quietly removed from the door. A sortie had been determined on. The master stood at the side of the house, south of the door, and as soon as the opening was made, Bill unclosed a shutter and proposed a parley. The answer was a rush at the open window by the master, who began climbing in. Brave little Jack soized him by the legs, and before he could kick him off, a dozen stout lads were cluging to them, while as many more held him on the inside. Bill seized the rope, and attempted to pass the nose over his arms. In the hurry and confusion of the fight, he succeeded only in getting it over his head. Palling it as the boys did, there was a fair prospect of ending the nesful jabors of the teacher by stragalation. That he deserved it, no one doubted; but Bob, having climbed over the master in the window, and with all the school pulling at the ends of old Bangs, was soon master of the situation. Getting hold o

from the window as unceremoniously as a pig-"Will you give up I demanded our leader. "No," gasped the master. "Then we'll put you down the well, hanged if we don't!" "The brave old pedagogue still refusing, he was dragged, rolled, and tumbled to the well-

"Will you give up, deru you! demanded

Bob. "'No, I won't!"

Judge Joe C. Guild, famous in Tennessee as the bosom friend of Old Hickory Jackson, has just issued in Nashville, a book of anecdotes of Jackson. Among the most entertaining reminiscences related in the book is the following account of a "barring-ont":

"My early life was made miserable by one Mulberry Bangs, a gentleman of the old school, who devoted himself to reading, writing and arithmetic, and the general use of the stick. Upon my head and other parts of my person he imprinted himself so positively that I can see him now as plainly as if we had parted but yesterday. He was a stout man, who made in his figure, when made in profile, Hogarth's line of beauty, being round-shouldered and crooked in the legs. He was a blonde. The hair of his bead had that sunny tings so much admired to-"He was shoved inside of the backet, and or-

### AN "OLD TIMER" GONE. Peath of the Last Survivor of the Surveying Party that Pirst Penetrated the Northwest-ern Territory.

Peath of the Last Survivor of the Surveying Party that First Penetrated the Northwestern Territory.

Captain Thomas Lewis, nearly ninety years old, was found frozen to death last night in the public road in Albemarle County. He was farming in a small way in the County, art it is supposed that he had gone out to cat sum; ward. Captsin Lewis had led an eventful life, and was famons as the last survivor of the Lewis and Clark expedition to explore the Missouri river. Mertiwether Lewis, the oldest son of Mrs. Marks, of Loenst Hill, by her former marriage with Colonel William Lewis, of the Revolutionary army, was private secretary to President Jefferson shortly after the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. He had permission from the President of selecting his aid and companion, and he chose Lientenaut Clark, of the regular army. The company was organized with about thirty private soldiers, and commanded by Captains Lewis and Clark. Captain Lewis also took along one of his slaves, a youth of seventeen, named Tom. Tom. was remarkably black, and neither comely in person nor attractive is manner. He was Capt, Lewis' chief body servant, and stuck by his master to the last. Captain Lewis often told how Tom had saved his life after the expedition had crossed the Columbia River. Lewis was in the wilderness with no companion save Tom, who had been christened by the soldiers "Captain Tom Lewis," and which name stuck to him to the day of his death. The two were attacked by three Indians from bostile tribes then in that country. Captain Lewis was surjously wounded in the thigh. He sent the only ball in his rifle through the bead of one of his assaulants. The other two rushed on him, and would have stain him had not Tom hurled one meansible to the ground, and with the butt end of the gun of his prostrate master brained the other. He was nerenlean in strength. He west through all the trials and hardships of that great expedition without flinching.

The Lewis and Clark expedition terminate!

tion without finching.

The Lewis and Clark expedition terminated The Lewis and Clark expedition terminated in 1996. Captain Lewis came to his mether's home, near Joy Depot, Albemarle Connty, and went thence to St. Louis, the Capital of Missonri Territory, of which he was thea Governor. On his return he stopped for the night at a little inn on the readside somewhere in Tennessee. In the morning he was found dead in his room with his throat cut, whether by another for some macecontable purpose or by himself, roomains a mystery to this day. Tom was his body servant then, and knew more about this mystery than anyone elso, but he always shook his head when asked, and sand: "This is a matter the less talked about the better." On the death of his old master Tom returned to Albemarle County, and with his savings bought a small farm, which he occupied on the day of his death. It is supposed that from feebleness and exhaustion he fell in the road, and, not being able to rise, was frozen to death. His death ends the list of survivors of that historic expedition.—Charlottescille (Fa.) dispatch to the New York San.

### TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1879.

### Miscellany.

KING COAL

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:

"I'll move the world," quoth he;

"My England's high, and rich, and great,
Bat greater she shall be."

And he called for the pick, and he called for the spo
And be called for his miners bold:

"And it's dig," he said, "in the deep, deep earth;

Ton'il dud my treasures better worth

Than mines of Indian gold!

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
Yet not content was he;
And he said, "I've found what I've desired,
Though 'its but one of three."
And he called for water, and he called for five,
For smiths and workmon true:
"Come, build me engines great and strong;
We'll have." quoth he, "a change, ere long;
We'll try what steam can do."

Old King Coal was a merry old son!:

"Tis fairly done," quoth he.

When he saw the myrind wheels at work,

O'er all the land and sea.

They aswed the bones and strength of men.

They hammered, and wove, and spun;

There was nought too great, too mean or samil,

The giant steam had power for all;

His task was never done.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
Quoth he, "We travel alow;"
I should like to roam the wide world round,
As fast as the wild winds blow."
And he called for his skillful engineers;
And soon through hills and vales.
O'er rivers wide, through tunnels vast,
The flying trains like lightning passed.
On the ribs of the mighty rails.

A special dispatch to the Inter-Ocean, printed on Tuesday morning, announced that new facts had come to light bearing on the romantic story which assumes that Marshal Ney, the popular hero of the French army in Napoleon Bonaparte's time, and the commander of the Old Guard at Waterloo, died an exile in North Carolina. This story, with some modifications and unimportant additions, comes up at regular intervals, to lay hold on the sympathy and imagination of those who delight in mystery, and who find in the career of the dashing French Marshal all the charms of romantic narrative. As this is the case, the latest contribution, as to

who find in the career of the dashing French Marshal all the charms of romantic narrative. As this is the case, the latest contribution, as to the possibilities of the Marshal's life in America, will interest many readers.

History paints Marshal Ney, duke of Elchingen and prince of Moskva, as the ideal soldier, as the "bravest of the brave." He was among Napoleon's favorites, and distinguished himself in all the great battles of the Napoleon era. When the Emperor abdicated, Ney formally accepted the Bourbon dynasty, but when Bonaparte returned from Elba, the Marshal joined his old leader, and was with him to the last. When the allies occupied Paris after Waterloo, Ney was arraigned before the chamber of peers on the charge of treason. He was pronounced guilty, and was publicly shot in the garden of the Luxembourg, December 7, 1815. Ten balls, it was said, entered his body, and death was instantaneons. The people, the soldiers, and the officials present all knew Marshal Ney, and there could be no question as to the identity of the man excented.

A few months after this execution, or in January, 1816, a distinguished looking French man landed at Charleston, South Carolina. This man bore such a striking resemblance to Marshal Ney that Philip Petrie, one of his old soldiers, employed on the vessel, recognized him and accosted him as his old commander. The stranger, without admitting or denying his identity, said, gruffly, "Marshal Ney was shot in Paris.

A Fascinating Tramp.

It was a widow of sixty in an adjoining County who allowed a tramp to stop over for the night. During the evening the tramp became desperately smitten, counted and finally addressed the widow. She consented to marry him, and it was arranged that the two should proceed to the parson's, who lived but a short distance, the next morning, which they did. They had no licease, nor did they dream that such an instrument was necessary until they were so informed by the parson. The lady loaned her betrothed a horse, \$2 or \$3 in cash, and gave him a \$15 order to a merchant with which to buy some clothes, and off he goes to the town for the licease, having borrowed a saddle, and perhaps a bridle, from the minister. The day passed off, and the next day the widow sent two of her sous to town, who found him intoxicated. The boys joined in the social cup until they too became intoxicated, and the lover mede his escape with horse, bridle and saddle.

Dennis Krarner says: "May God Almighty atrike the man dead who takes less than \$2 a day during the coming winter."

# Mr. Nashy Gives his Opinion on the favesti-gation of the Cipher Dispatches.

BY CHARLE MACKAY.

Old King Coal is a merry old son!
A merry old soul is he;
May he never fail in the land we love,
Who has made ns great saul free.
While his miners mine, and his engines work,
Through all our happy land,
We shall flourish fair in the morning light,
And our name and our fause, and our might and
In the front of the world shall stand.

### THE MARSHAL NEY ROMANCE.

costed him as his old commander. The strang-er, without admitting or denying his identity, said, gruffly, "Marshal Ney was shot in Paris, sir," and kept to his cabin during the remain-der of the voyage. The North Carolina corres-pondent gives Petrie's residence, if living, as Evanston, Ill., Milwankee, Wisconsin, or De-troit, Michigan.

The Frenchman who resembled Marshal Ney, went from South Carolina to North Carolina, in 1924, where he was known as Peter Stuart Ney, He tanght school for many years, and was well

The Freuchman who resembled Marshal Ney, went from Sonth Carolina, in 1824, where he was known as Peter Stuart Ney. He taught school for many years, and was well known in Iredell County. Several times when nuder the influence of wine, he spoke of himself as Marshal Ney, and cularged upon the incidents of his army career. On one occasion he told the story of the supposed execution, and said that the soldiers detailed to shoot him hal private instructions to aim high. They fired above him, but he foll, and the attending physicians, being in the couspiracy, pronounced him dead, and turned the body over to his friends. He was conveyed to Bordeaux, from whence he sailed to America.

On one occasion the North Carolina Ney was visited by a mysterious stranger, who received from him many documents. When he received the news of the death of Napoleon's son, the duke of Retchstadt, in 1832, he was in the school room. He lost his self-control, and, after a passionate outburst, said: "The Prince Imperial is dead, and my hopes are blasted." He dismissed school, and remained in his room for several days, destroying in the meantime a large number of private papers. In verses, written in an album three years later, he put in words his disappointment and the growing up of the hope that he might be recalled to France. On one occasion, when drunk, he was laid across a horse to be carried home. This aroused him from a stupor, and he exclaimed: "What! put the duke of Elchingen on a horse like a sack! Let me down."

Peter Stuari Ney removed to Rowan County, North Carolina, where he deed in 1845. In his fits of delirium he raved about his old courades and the old battles. Among his last words were: "Bessieres has fallen, and the Old Guard is defeated—now let me die." He died October 14, 1846, and the remains were interred in the grave-yard of the Third Creek meeting-house.

The new facts brought out by the correspondent of the New York Herald are in the shape of statements from Ney's old pupils and associates as to personal appearance

heard of.

This is the story, and it is safe to say that it will have many believers. At the beginning of the Russian war, people eagerly accepted the story that Osman Pasha, the commander at Pievna, was Marshal Bazaine, and there are men who believe that Wikkes Booth is still alive. People delight in mystery, and where there is a basis for belief, they accept highly colored statements without question. In this case it would seem not difficult to determine just how much there is in the North Carolina story, and to discover who the mysterious person who died in cover who the mysterious person who died in North Carolina was. - Inter-Ocean.

# CONFEDRIT X ROADS,

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
WICH IS IN THE STATE MY KENTUCKY,
Feboury 11, 1879.

Ther's no limit to the crocelty uv the Ablishu
managers, nun watever. Not contentid with
perventin that gilelis reformer, Samyool J. Tiiden, from buyin the Presidency, they are duoin
ther level best to fasten the attempt outo him,
and to destroy his chances for another effort, in
1880.

ther level best to lasten the attempt outo him, and to destroy his chances for another effort, in 1880.

Wat do these men mean? Don't they know that Samyool is a quiet, gilells old man, and war brot out for the Presidedey solely becor av his many virehoos, and that it war sorely agin his will that he wur nominatid at all? Don't they know that doorin that long and hotly contestid campane, he lay ez quiet as a monse at his neat, but not gandy home, in Gramercy Park, Noo York, payin no attenshun, watever to wat war goin on, but perfeckly contest with watever verdick the peeple shood bring in? Don't they know that he knows nothin watever uv politikle management, but that his intrests war put into the hands uv his frends, who done jist watever they pleezed, and that he never knowed nothin watever about it, till the votes war countid out, and that he never even so much ex laoked in a noospaper, doorin the progress uv the battle?

The peeple don't understand Samyool J. Tilden, and they do him a injoory. He is no manager and no politishen. He is too warm-bloodid, too impulsive, and too innesent for the devious ways uv modern polytix. But this isn't ginerally knowed. His innosence is the cor uv all his trubbles. Hevin okkepied prominent posishens, wich hev can to him entirely unsolisaitid, and becor uv his strikt integrity, he is surroundid by a gang uv unscroopallus man, who yoose him for ther own purpuses. He ber a nefew, a man named Pelton, who trades on his nocle's well-known karacter, and who gits him into all sorts uv trubbles. It wus Pelton wich did all the ralerode reckin that wur charged to Tilden's akkonnt, and it war. Pelton who war the cheef sperit uv the Tweed ring, and who made all the money out uv it. It wurn't Tilden at all, and nobody sposed it wur, who knowed the good old man.

In this matter, he is in the same fix. When

In this matter, he is in the same fix. When Looisianer, Floridy, and Oregon waz in dont, the gilelis Tilden sed to hisself, "It is well. Ef them States want to vote for Haze, all rite. I

the gilelis Tilden sed to hisself, "It is well. Ef them States want to vote for Haze, all rite. I am meerly the servant uv the peeple, and wat is ther will I must be satisfied with. It is all wan to me. I may not be President, but I hey a approovin conshence;" and he saddled his hoss and rode out in Sentral Park, smilin like the innosent man that he is.

But this wicked Pelton, and the still wickider Marble, mizzable men that they are, to thus trade on the innosense uv this unsofistakatid old man, they sent to Floridy, and to Oregon, and Looisianer, and South Carliny, and they offered large sums uv money to buy the electral votes uv them States. They never let the gilelis Tilden know nothin about it, for they knowd that ef it waz ever breethed to him, he wood stop it at onet, and probly cut em all out uv his will. They knowd the integrity uv the old gen tleman so well, that they waz mighty keerful to keep all knowledge uv it from him.

They hev done all that they kin in the matter to set Mr. Tilden rite, and the public ort to be satisfied with it. The biznis wuz all done in his parlor, but without his knowledge. While they wuz arrangin the detales, he wuz bizzy readin his noospaper, and attendin to his other biznis; when the buyin up uv the Floridy Board wuz discussed, he wuz engaged in brakein a soft-biled egg, and never heard a word uv it. They didn't even dare to ask tile gilelis old man for money to kerry out ther nefarious skeem. They simply askt him for a check for \$200,000, and the innosent old man give it to em, without dreemin uv the wickid purpus they waz to yoose it for. They telegraft backard and forerds for months, but the innosent Tilden never knowd nothin about it, the he pade the bill with the money wich he sposed wuz goin for charity and sich.

That this is troo, nobody hez and rite to ques-

sich.

That this is troo, nobody hez and rite to question. Mr. Tilden sez it is troo, and so duz Pelton and Marble. They both testify that the old man didn't know nothin about the buyin uv the elecktral votes, and that ef he had knowd it, he wood hev stopped it. I make no dent that John Morrissey, wuz he alive, wood testify to the same thing, and sware to it, on a faro lay out, wich is why I am sorry that eminent statesman and gambler is ded. His testimony wood be valyocable now, to inspire confidence in wat Tilden s.vares to.

My testimony in this matter ort to hev wate, for I hev no reeson to like Mr. Tilden. I kin never forgit that in the St. Loois Convenshun, wich noninatid him, I got only \$400 for my vote for him, wich ho noninatid him, I got only \$400 for my vote for him, when it wuz everlastinly too late, that he hed pade cz high ez \$2,400, to delegates uv no more importance than myself. Nor can I forgit the brootal anser he made to a appeel for money, it wuz no yoose to put money into Kentucky, wich needed all he hed for Noo York, wher votes hed to be hed, and wher they cost money. Sityoo-

wuz shoor to go for him anyhow, and that he needed all he hed for Noo York, wher votes hed to be hed, and wher they cost money. Sityooated ez I am with him, my testimony shood be reserved ez amouetin to anthin.

Ez badly ez he yoosed me, I want him nominated in 1850, and hentz I depercate these assaits onto him. I shel know better than I did the last time. Ef ther is enuff left uv him to make a candidate, he will hev to bev votes, and he will hev to git em ez he did afore, by bayin uv em. He won't fool me with any \$490 next time. I shel know my vally, and the extent uv his meens too well for that. The next time, he will hev to pay me wat I am wath, and ef I dou't git enuff to keep me till he comes up for re-nominashen agin, I am mistaken.

But this persekooshen ort to stop, and must. Mr. Tilden ort not to bare the burdens uv his unseroopulus followers. The wickndnis uv a Pelton ort not to be made to obskoor the troo goodnis uv a Tilden. The good old man sez he didn't know nothin about the attempt to buy elecktral votes, and the Amerikin peeple must take his word. They hev no rite to crush a innosent old man, wich hez bin the prey av unseroopulus men wich he is so unforchoouit ez to hev about him. Beades, I like his stile. I want him to be a candidate in 1800. He hez made ez much money seuce his fast run ez he spent, and will pay jist ez much for the place ez he did then. He is the favorite uv the Cross-Roads.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Champion uv Inuosense.

# SCOTCH HYMN.

There are blossoms that hae budded. Been blighted i' the cold. An' lammies that hae perished. Because they left the fold; But cower we in aneath His wings. Wha died upon the tree, An' gathers in His bosom Helpless weans like you an' me.

In the warld there's tribulation.

In the warld there is woe:
But the warld it is bonnie,
Because our Father made it so.
Then, brighten up your armor,
An' be happy as ye gang;
Though your sky be often clouded,
It winns be for lang.

# The Rush to the New Milver Mines in Colora-do-Nothing Like It Since the California Gold Fever-100,000 Likely to Me Added to Colorado's Population in One Year-Forty Paying Mines Near the Town.

LEADVILLE, COL., Feb. 8, 1879.

The Leadville silver "craze," as it may be called, from the present outlook, will draw 59,000 people into this region during the present year, and from the stimulus it has given to prospecting, mining, railway, colony, and other enterprises, is likely to add 100,000 to the population of Colorado. Nothing like it has ever before been witnessed in the history of this country. The California gold fever of 1849, the Pike's Peak rush ten years later, the Pennsylvania oil excitement of 1863, or the more recent Black Hills stampede, cannot be compared to this Leadville furor. All through the winter, which has been the hardest experienced since the settlement of the Rocky Mountain country, the tide has been flowing hither. The certainty that little prospecting could be done, that there would be but little demand for laborers, and that a journey into this country would be attended with hardship and peril, has not served in any degree to check the rush. Men who have money, fearful that they would not be on the ground in time to get hold of good corner lots and mine properties that "show up" well, laborers anxious to get the best jobs—all claeses—have been thronging into Leadville through the deep snow and biting frost, with scarcely any interruption in the steady stream, from early in the fall until now.

Now the overflow is upon us. During the past few weeks little building could be done. As a result, all the hotels and boarding houses have lead more guests than they could attend to. Private dwellings and business houses have been obliged to throw open their doors for sleeping accommodations, and hundreds have had to tent out in the streets, roll themselves in blankets under dry goods hoxes, or sleep in freightors' wagons. The crowd is getting worse every day. It is likely to be relieved soon, for building is now going forward rapidly. The several sawmills of the country are running day and night, on the native pine lumber out on the mountains; teams from the valley have been bringing in LEADVILLE, Cot., Feb. 8, 1879.

as the winter breaks, and the snow is off enough to permit the work, prospecting will begin in all directions, and Leadville will not then be so crowded. There are those who predict that its inhabitants—those who come to stay will, by midsummer, number 20,000. There is room for such a city here. The situation is all that could be desired. It can appead out. But haw rich and extensive the uncovered deposits of this district will prove, when the active use of pick and spade begin, can not now be told. Old miners, Californians as well as others, seem to have unbounded confidence in the future development. californians as well at others, seem to have unbounded confidence in the future development. Capitalists from all over the country are here in force. They invest more liberally than has ever before been known in the history of Colorado mines. They take hold of Leadville real estate, and have run up the price of property so that small corner lots have changed hands recently at \$5,000 and \$6,000 each. Some of the foremost business men of Deaver have opened branch stores here. Even Chicagy, St. Louis, and San Francisco have contributed to the active trading houses. New stocks of goods are coming in daily, and new stores opening. The present activity in building has given employment to all the carpenters, painters, and day laborers that want to work, and wages are fifty cents an hour. Laborers from Denver, and other towns of Colorado, are rushing hither, and the market will be overstocked after a while, and lower wages rule.

cents an hour. Laborers from Denver, and other towns of Colorado, are rushing hither, and the market will be overstocked after a while, and lower wages rule.

There are now about forty paying mines putting out ore in the vicinity of Leadville. The number will be more than doubled before summer. Some of the mines are held as high as \$1,000,000. One of them has produced \$3,000,000 since its discovery. The ore product of this camp is now \$50,000 a day. The smaller mines have not been worked with energy, because there has been no adequate market for the ore. When the half dozen smelting and stamping works have been increased to a dozen or more, and the capacity from 400 to 600 tons a day, as it will need to be, there will be every inducement for mine owners to put full forces to work, and there will be fewer who care to sell out.

Leadville is situated in the Upper Arkansas Valley, at an altitude of 10,500 feet being 5,000 feet higher than Deuver. It lies on a slope, facing the bigher mountains, and looking down the valley. Its crowded condition for a few months, the constant prospecting and locating the claims along the stream above the city, and the neglect of all sanitary measures, have been the cause of much sickness, pneumonia, dipth theria, and mountain fever, being most prevalent. But with the ordinary observance of the rules of health, which the city government is now trying to enjoin, the situation is in every way favorable. Invalids, who at first had some healtancy about coming here, on account of the high altitude, but could not resist the inducements to go with the throng, testify that they have been seriously ill with lung and heart disease, have been raisered by a few mouth' residence here. Although the population of the place is increasing rapidly, and likely to continue increasing through the coming spring and summer, at least, yet the number of tradesmen, lawyers, physicians, and all classes of business men, has grown larger with the domand for their services. Common laborers have been most needed,

The decease of Mrs. Hephribah Thomas, an aged Friend, at her home near Sommerton, in the Twenty-third ward, recently, recalls the fact that she was one of the few surviving to so late a day, who had distinct and trustworthy recollection of having seen George Washington. Her father was Nathan Spencer, who had, eighty years ago, a considerable estate just east of tier mautown, on which, by the way, Godfrey, the mautown, on which, by the way, Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, was buried. In 1793, the vellow fever prevailing in Philadelphia—it carried off 3,627 persons during Angust and three following months—Oliver Wolcott, who was Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's Cabinet, was boarding, with his wife, at Mr. Spencer's, and the President, accompanied by his wife—Itady Washington," by universal usage—came from his out-of-town residence to see him. They rode in the customary state, in a coach drawn by four cream-colored horses, and their advent at Priend Spencer's mansion created, naturally, no little excitement. His little daughter of five years, after the great General and the stately "Lady" had passed into the Wolcott apartments, ran, with other children, to look at the distinguished visitors, and peoping in at the window, aw them scated inside. "Why," said Hephribab, "is that Lady Washington is the stately "Lady" had passed into the Wolcott apartments, ran, with other children, to look at the distinguished visitors, and peoping in at the window, aw them scated inside. "Why," said Hephribab, "is that Lady Washington in the theory of the country at large is in the same frame of December, at Constantinople.

California and Utah Geutiles are out of all conceit with the President—and the majority of the country at large is in the same frame of mind—Dearer Ners.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1.130.

stages between Georgetown and Leadville, distance forty-five miles. By this route, the distance between Leadville and Denver will be only 100 miles. Persons who come in from the East, by way of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railwad to Pueblo, can continue their journey up the Arkansas Valley to Canon City by rail, and theuce find daily coaches to Leadville, distance 140 miles. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company has a force of 2,000 men at work, grading for a track over this line, and it expects to be in Leadville by fall. The place will then have communication with the outside world by a choice of three railroad routes, if present anticipations are fulfilled.

Denver is profiting largely by the rush to Leadville. The city has been crowded with people all through the winter, considerable building has been going on, and the plans for early spring work show that the season will be the most active with business men that has ever been experienced. Real estate in Danver has advanced largely in the past few months. The population has reached 30,000, and the daily arrivals from the East are about 200. This is something remarkable in Denver's history, for heretofore, in the winter time, there have been few arrivals, and the population has usually been reduced by the absence of the hundreds of invalids who make the city their summer resort. Leadville gets about one-half of those who come to Denver from the East, but Denver is all the while, in farm, getting large accessions of those who come up to Leadville by the southern route, to look around for business opportunities, and have finally decided to seek their fortunes at Denver. Some of the old mining districts are suffering somewhat for the time being. A good many business men are removing their stocks from Central City, Georgetown, Alamosa, and other towns, to Leadville. The miners of Gilpin, Clear Creek, and Boulder Counties, to some extent, have thrown up fair paying leases and steady work to take their chances for getting rich faster in this "land of by the wonderful results at Leadville, and capital is coming forward more freely than ever before. Mining companies, on a legitimate basis,
are pushing work, and persons and firms are
giving up other callings, and taking to pick,
spade, and shaft. The indications are that for
several months to come there will be more active prospecting and mining all through the
Rocky Mountain country than ever before.

Leadville is not the only magnet that decay

Leadville is not the only magnet that draws. There is a great deal of work being done at Ten Mile, or Carbonetville, twenty miles from here, Mile, or Carbonetville, twenty miles from here, and a town is rapidly springing up. There is likely to be another large camp on the borders of Twin Lakes. Recent discoveries point to a revivel of the old mines about Fairplay and Mosquito, in Park County. Hundreds of persons have been quietly staking out claims all over the country in the vicinity of Silver Cliff, in the Wet Mountain Valley. Confidence in the San Juan region is increasing with the nearer approach of railways affording access to that famous silver region.

Jann region is increasing with the nearer approach of railways affording access to that famons silver region.

This picture of the mining outlook in Colorado should not tempt anybody to come here who is making a living anywhere else. Mining is, at best, an uncertain, self-denying struggle. It may possibly lead to a speedy fortune, but the chances are hardly one in a thousand. It is much more likely to result in a lifelong druigery, hoping against hope, away from friends and family—a worrying, unnerving, and, is instances, a heart-breaking struggle. But for those who feet that they must "say their lack," and who have made up their minds to come here, it may be well to say that now is not the time to come. It will be better to wait till late in the spring. Even then, winter will scarcely be gone in this region. At this time there is a certainty of many weeks of rough, stormy weather to eac counter, with limited accommodations and high expenses, before there is any chance of getting employment or attempting work. Three weeks later the chauces will be much improved.—Car, N. Y. Times.

### -THEOLOGY IN COURT.

Competency of Infidels no Witnesses. An interesting question was decided by Judge Brown in the Court of Common Pleas yester-day, in regard to the competency of infilels as witnesses, the precise point never having bean before decided in the Courts of this State. An witnesses, the precise point never having head before decided in the Courts of this State. An action was on trial in which J. Anning had sued Francis Arndt for damages for injury to Amling's house by the erection of a house adjoining it. The first witness called was John Sauerlein, to whom Messrs. F. C. Cook and Edgar H. Gans, counsel for Aradt, objected as an incompetent witness, because he did not believe in the existence of God, and a future state of rewards and punishments. It was admitted this would be a legal objection to a witness. It was then proposed to investigate the witness as to his belief, when the counsel for Aradt further objected that if witness was not competent generally, he could not testify even as to his own belief. Argument casned by J. Moreslith Reese for the witness, and Cook and Gans against him. Judge Brown said: "This is a question of very great difficulty. The weight of the English authorities is for and the American against the competency of a person objected to as such an unbeliever to prove his own competency. But I am to decide the question as the law is in Marlyland, if I can ascertain it. I have had some experience in the consideration and investigation of such questions, but while at the bar and on the beach. The custom has been to interrogate witnesses as to their competency. The only guide to the asseras the law is in Marlyland, if I can ascertain it. I have had some experience in the consideration and investigation of such questions, both while at the bar and on the beach. The custom has been to interrogate witnesses as to their competency. The only guide to the ascertaioment of the state of the law in this State. Is found in article 35 of the Bill of Rights of Maryland. But does it furnish a solution of the difficulty I ts asy: "No person cought to be molested in person or estate on account of his religious persuasion or practice, nor any person otherwise competent deemed incompetent as a witness or juror on account of his religious belief, provided he believes in the existence of God, and that he will be held morally accountable for his acts, and be punished therefore, either in this world or the next. This is a constitutional provision, and should not receive a narrow and technical construction. The same rule is applied to a witness as to a juror, and the mode of examination of each should, I think be the same. If a juror were to tell me he could not conscientiously serve because he had not the required belief, I think that I should not be compelled to reject his evidence, and resort to that of some person who had heard him express his opinions on some previous occasions. It would be my duty to hear him, and if he testified falsely he would be guilty of perjury, and subject to its penalites. I would ascertain his competency as to his age or residence. I shall on the same principle afford the witness an opportunity to explain his religious belief. But his testimon whall not be conclusive, and the defendant is not precluded from showing aliunde that the witness is incompetent by reason of his belief." Judge Brown then called up the witness, who, apeaking in broken Euglish, teatified like a man of some intelligence. Judge Brown, after the witness follows: "Do you believe in the defense took exceptions to the rullings of the Court, and then asked witness if, after reading a work by Darwin, a year or so ago,

## JESUS ON THE WAVE.

The sun went down on Salem's towers, The glory field from the aky, And over hely Palestine The sudden night fell heavily.

A lonely ship was on the deep; Within were weary, anxious men, Who coubted, though they attered not, If they should see the land again.

They toiled, in rowing almost spent; Wildly the wind against them blew And wilder yet, as o'er the sea A human form anear them drew.

A creeping horror froze their blood; Into each other's eyes they gazed, All mute and trembling, troubled sore Way were those voyagers amazed?

Only a few short hours before, They saw the miracle of brend, Where one whose daily life they shared, The hungry multitude had fed.

Sarely, they might have thought, at once, Who sought Ills own neross the deep. From the lone mountain's top came down, Where He had turned to pray and weep. What other foot could walk the flood! What other form be there upborne! They shauld have halled the bleased sight; shame, to be then afmid—forlorn.

Lightly He trod the leaping waves, Seen in the pale moon's tender sheen But only when they heard His voice, Knew they the God-like Nazarene.

"Be not afraid; 'tis I!" He said, And answered headling Peter, 'Come! And taught a lesson to His church, There, 'mid the winds and on the foam.

Oh! "Gem of Beauty," Lord of Life, Gone up from sacred Olivet, Bestow upon Thy chesen ares, Such grace as they may need to get, And when about our trembling sonls.

The fierce winds howf and billows rave,
Oh! let us in our anguish see
And hear Thee, Jesus, on the wave.

### GEN. PUTNAM AT HORSE-NECK.

# Are the Piciares in the School Books all Il-insary?—Did the General Ride Down the Stone Steps, Waving his Trusty Sword in Definite 6—The Event to be Celebrated, at Any Rate.

GREENWICH, CONN., Feb. 16.-We are to have GREENWICH, CONN., Feb. 16.—We are to have a Centennial celebration here. In ten days it will be a hundred years since Old Put was credited with dashing on horseback down the staircased precipice at Horse Nock. If it is true that he did so, it is a big thing, and worthy of a Centennial celebration. The story, however, seems to have sprong from the patriotic imaginations of our Revolutionary sires. One portion of Gen. Washington's orders, on going into winter quarters in 1778, reads as follows:

"The remaining three brigalles, composed of

of Gen. Washington's orders, on going into winter quarters in 1778, reads as follows:

"The remaining three brigales, composed of the New Hampshire and Connecticut troops and Hazen's regiment, will be posted in the vicinity of Daubury, for the protection of the country lying along the Sound, to cover our magazines lying on Connecticut River, and to aid the Highlands on any serious movement of the enmy that way."

Gen. Putnam was assigned to command these forces, and also Sheldon's cavalry, at Durham. Popular history says that in the latter part of February, Gov. Tryon, with 1,500 troops, advanced against Greenwich. Putnam chanced to be visiting his pickots near by, at Horse Neck. A church stood on the brow of the hill. A flight of stone steps formed the dizzy stairway, by which the villagers ascended to worship. Putnam, on finding that he was being surrounded, ordered the picket to provide for their safety by retiring to a awamp, inaccessible to horse, and secured his own by plunging down the precipice at full trot. Nearly a hundred stone steps led from the ledge to the road below. The dragoons, who were only a sword's length from Putnam, stopped short at the vergo of the stairway. They dared not follow, and before they could gain the valley by going round the brow of the hill, in the ordinary road, he was far enough beyond their reach."

before they could gain the valley by going round the braw of the hill, in the ordinary round, he was far enough beyond their reach."

Other historians say that the number of steps was exactly seventy; and they add that Patham received a volley from the baffled dragoons, "one bullet passing through his hat, in consequence of which Gov. Tryon sent him as a present a complete new suit of clothes. A wood engraving depicted this thrilling scene. Putnam's horse is gailoping down a stairway of granite slabs, each seemingly about a foot high, and the stairway itself was straight as an arrow. The steed has just reached the seventeenth step from the top, and his rider, holding the rein loosely in his left hand, waves his sword above his head, while he looks upward and backward at his chagrined pursuers, who pour in upon him a wholly ineffectual volley.

One biographer suggests that "the road on the hill turned to the north, and bent again with a sharp angle toward the south, having been dug along the steep in such a manner as to make the passage practicable and tolerably safe," and that "Gen. Putnam could wind his course in such a zigzag direction as enabled his horse to keep his feet." He concedes that "the story of the seventy stone steps is a sheer fabrication," and that the worshippers had only, "being unable to ascend the hill in its original state, gathered a collection of stones, and placed them at convenient distances to ald them in climbing."

But the trouble with such efforts to make the great historic ride possible and tolerably anfe, is that it becomes less worth centennially cele-

and pisced them at convenient distances to aid them in climbing."

But the trouble with such efforts to make the great historic ride possible and tolerably safe, is that it becomes less worth centennially celebrating. History does not record that there was any blood shed at Horse Neck, in the prodent and somewhat hasty retreat of the patriots; so that, if the ride itself be robbed of it a illusion, what is there left to commemorate? Besides, after once rubbing off the marvellous part of the story, the rest of it shows a tendency to crumble. In Putnam's official report of the affair, made the fourth day after its occurrence, he does not allude to piunging down any staircase or precipice. After recounting the approach of the enemy, whom, by the way, he calls the Seventeenth, Forty-fourth, and Fifty-seventh Regiments, marched from Kingsbridge, he speaks thus of his conduct at Horse Neck:

"We discharged some old field pieces, which were there, a few times, and gave them a small fire of muskerry, but without any considerablic effect. The superior force of the enemy soon obliged our small detachment to absolut the place, I therefore directed the troops to retire, and form on a hill a little distant from Horse Neck, while I proceeded to Stanford to collect a body of militia and a few Continental troops which were there, with which I returned immediately."

Putnam's report then says that on returning, he found the enemy had gone away, and so confined himself to picking up stragglers, of whom he secured between forty and fifty. In no private lotter of Putnam is any mention made of a perilous ride at Horse Neck. In short, the suspicion arises that the famous exploit may have grown out of Putnam's casual mention that his troops went one way and he another—the inference being unwarrantably drawn that he went over the precipies.

But the legend holds good as history until the contrary is proved. Hence, there will be a roar of cannon, riuging of bells, banqueting, speech-making, and processions, with, of course, visits to t

visits to the bill at Horse Neck and to the bouse where Putnam is said to have had his head-quarters. The celebration is fixed for Wash-ington's Birth-day, though the actual plungs was made on February 26; but there are advan-tages in combining the two celebrations, and perhaps the only real disadvantage will be that of preventing the orators from beginning with the usual "On this day one hundred years ago."

BUCKEYE SIMPLICITY.—A United Stales Sonator says: "No man and his family ever enjoyed the Presidency and the White House so much as Hayes and his family do. To them the whole thing is like the first reading of 'Robinson Crusoe' to a boy, or a first jack-knife or a first pair of boots. They are an innocent, harmless people, and, if they gush a little and give it away, it is only because they are callow and green."

"IF Cyrus W. Field is not going to erect monument to Major Andre," says the Bosto Herald, "let George Washington Childs do i and put on some of his heautiful postry."